

[**let it snow by orphan_account**](#)

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Summary:

it's Billy's first winter with snow and he hates it with all of his heart.

let it snow

“Max! Come on, you little brat, you’re gonna be late.” Billy banged his fist on the younger girl’s door. “It’s cold as fuck; you’re not skating all the way there.”

The door swung open and the girl glared up at him. “Since when do you care about my safety?”

“If you die of hypothermia, I die of having the *shit* kicked out of me. Come on.” He turned and made his way towards the front door, twisting his keys around his fingers.

Max followed a few steps behind him. “Why don’t you ever bring any books to school? Or homework?”

He sighed. Ever since she’d threatened his balls with a spiked bat, she’d gained a lot of confidence, and wasn’t afraid of talking back or provoking him. There was always the threat she’d go crazy and make him into a ken doll. It honestly would make him proud, if it wasn’t at his expense.

“You think I care about school?” He grunted as he tried to open the door and it got stuck.

“Right. You even go to class?” She crossed her arms as he struggled with the door.

“Not really, no.”

Then the door gave in and it flung open, sending Billy falling out onto the snow-cover porch. Max was stifling a laugh behind him as he raised his head up from the white and whispered harshly, “*what the fuck .*”

“Let it snow!” Max finally let out her laughter as she stepped around him and carefully made her way down the steps. Billy grumbled and got up to follow her to his car, leaving a man-shaped hole in the snow on their porch.

Billy twitched uncomfortably, pretending to pay attention to whatever the sub was trying to say. Finally he turned and stared right at Steve Harrington, who was having trouble looking away from Billy and had been ever since he entered the classroom.

“What?” Billy growled.

“You’re wet,” the other boy said.

“Yeah, I kind of noticed.” Billy rolled his eyes.

Steve stuttered for a moment, flailing a bit. “But- why?”

Billy paused, a little confused on what was happening right now. Him and Steve hadn’t ever had a really proper conversation, and never really more than a few words, especially on Steve’s part. “I fell in the snow.”

“Oh.” Steve nodded and scrunched up his mouth. “Do you have a jacket?”

“I’m from California. I don’t need a jacket.” Billy scoffed.

“*Didn’t* .” Steve corrected. “You’re gonna get sick if you don’t get at least a jacket.”

Billy raised an eyebrow. “At least?” There was a pause where Billy imagined Steve bundling up with a big jacket, gloves, scarf, the whole nine yards- and looking like a big marshmallow. Then he smirked at the boy, “Aww, Stevie, you’re worried about me. How sweet.”

Steve rolled his eyes and directed his attention towards the front. “Fuck you. Just trying to be helpful.”

The next day Max woke up and found a new winter jacket hanging on her room's doorknob. She assumed it was from Susan and shrugged it on as she went to grab a quick breakfast to eat at school- Billy wouldn't let her eat in the Camaro- finding her mother running late for work.

"Oh, honey, that's a nice jacket! Where's it from?"

Max looked up, surprised. "Um..." She looked around, spotting Billy tapping his foot by the front door, glaring out at the snow. "It was a gift."

Billy drove up to Harrington's house, heat on full blast in his Camaro and still shivering. He lit up a cigarette before stepping out of the car. The kids were all in the front having a snowball fight and ignoring Billy completely. Steve was standing off to the side watching over them.

"Max!" Billy called out, not getting a response. "Max! Come on, we gotta go-" as he was speaking, a snowball (intended for Lucas) hit him square in the face. Everyone froze, staring as Billy slowly wiped the snow from his face. Dustin, who had thrown the ball, was shaking especially hard.

Billy dropped his cigarette to the ground, regardless of it being just lit, and walked slowly around the car. He stomped over to Dustin, staring him down.

"Hey, it was a mistake-" Steve started to intervene. As he was speaking, however, Billy leaned down and scooped up a handful of snow, dumping it on Dustin's head. The kids all looked at each other, a little surprised, and then started to giggle and laugh and go back to tossing snow at each other and then at Billy.

The older boy tried to mask his smile, kicking snow at the kids around him as if it meant he wasn't in the snowball fight now. The kids all ducked behind their snow mounds for shelter and resumed play as Billy circled around and ended up behind Steve. A wicked grin broke out on his face as he scooped up another handful of snow and crept up behind the other boy, pulling at his jacket and shirt and dumping the snow down his bare back.

"S-S-Shit!" Steve jumped, grabbing at his back and stumbling in circles.

"Too cold for you, Harrington?" Billy grinned as the other boy finally calmed down. When Steve looked up, cheeks flushed, mouth slightly agape and hair hanging in his face, Billy wasn't smiling anymore. Before he could think the words slipped out, "bet I could warm you up."

Shit.

That was gay.

Steve seemed to think so, too, given his surprised look on his face. They just stared at each other for a moment before Billy turned away, "Max! Hurry the fuck up! I won't wait any longer, alright? You can walk home for all I care."

The girl rolled her eyes and waved goodbye to all her friends, planting a kiss on the cheek to Lucas before running off towards the car.

"Billy." Steve called, and the boy stopped, heart racing. He was hoping they were just gonna forget about it and go back to being enemies. When he turned around, however, instead of a confrontation he got a pile of snow shoved down his shirt.

"Fuck!" He yelled, attempting to shove Steve away, but the boy grabbed onto Billy's jacket and leaned in.

"Come over after, after the kids have left. I'll warm you up." Then the boy turned and walked away, high-fiving Dustin and laughing with the kids, none of them hearing the exchange.

Billy stood shivering, fighting a stupid grin.

“Hey dickhead!” Max called from the car. “Who’s the one waiting, now?”

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” He shrugged and went back to the car with two thoughts on his mind: Maybe good things did come from the cold, and he really needed a fucking winter jacket.